

THE  
L I F E  
O F

*John Howard, Esquire,*

LL. D. AND F. R. S.

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*R. D. Pingle.*

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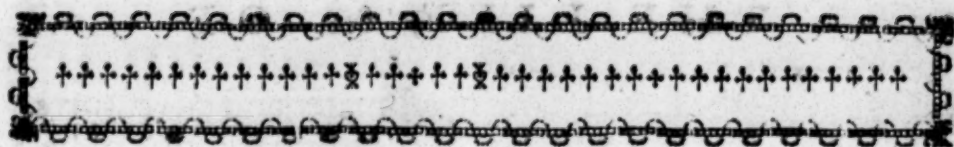
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O F T H E L A T E  
J O H N H O W A R D, E S Q.  
L. L. D. and F. R. S.

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**W**ITHOUT much presumption it may be affirmed, that even in those days of literature, there is no species of writing, which has such claims on the general attention, as that of Biography.

To trace the actions of our fellow mortals up to their sources, to decypher their motives, discover their ends, and examine the obliquity or rectitude of the means they used, will ever afford the mind a high degree of satisfaction. This process, tho' always interesting, will frequently be mingled with a portion of painful sensation. The splendid victories of the warrior, the variegated journals of the navigator, the innovations of lawgivers, and the shining speculations of statesmen, tho' sufficiently attracting to engage attention, have often the alloys of cruelty, ambition, sophistry or selfishness, to abate the pleasure we might receive in following their actions and their councils.

But when to this general taste, we present a character free almost from the essential frailties of our nature; and  
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yet varied by the scenes of many climates and adventures, we meet a happiness which occurs but rarely, that of being able to rouse curiosity and attention, without wounding virtue, or depressing the dignity of our species.

In tracing the footsteps, and delineating the character of JOHN HOWARD, we must feel a pleasure of the purest kind. For, tho' our hearts may be wrung at the prospects of misery he discloses to us, in the course of his benevolent peregrinations, yet we cannot avoid being soothed and elated with his indefatigable endeavours to comfort the afflicted, and the salutary influence, with which he poured his balm into the wounds of misery and disease.

With pleasure, then, do we hasten to introduce our readers to a LIFE and OBSERVATIONS, that will interest and improve—that will shake with terror, will melt with sympathy!

This illustrious man was born at Hackney in Middlesex, about the year 1724. His father was an eminent Upholsterer and Carpet Warehouse-man in Long-Lane, West Smithfield, who was allied to the families of Tatnal, Cholmley, and Barnardiston, and to Samuel Whitbread, Esq; Member of Parliament for Bedford.

Young Howard was reared in the strict principles of a Dissenter: And in the course of such an education, and aided by a congenial mind, he imbibed the seeds of that independance and obstinacy of opinion, which held such uncontrolled influence over the process of his future life.

Inflexibility of temper is often the concomitant of ignorant pride. But in Howard it arose from a conscious  
super-

superiority of his views ; from the evident utility of his objects ; and from extensive observations on the general depravity and weakness of mankind. A steady resolution, rising from such a basis as this, instead of injuring, becomes the means of promoting the interests of mankind. For, the most exalted virtue, the purest purposes, the most consummate wisdom, are of little avail, if they be not accompanied by a spirit of enterprize, an inflexibility of opinion, and a resolute energy to carry every thing into execution. Let us not, then, cast the shade of blame on that disposition, to which perhaps we owe the many humane regulations, which have already taken place ; and the numberless others, which are likely to reach to distant posterity.

His father, tho' of a generous family, was a man who had made his fortune in *Business* ; and within the narrow circle which *that* presented, had centered all his pleasures, all his ambition. He knew no more delightful object, than a well furnished warehouse ; no higher character, than a wealthy citizen.

With such sentiments and views, we cannot be surprised to find young Howard, at a proper period of his life, placed as an apprentice, with a wholesale grocer, in a court, on the South side of Watling-street, between Friday-street and the Old Change.

The person to whom he was apprenticed, was Mr Nathaniel Newham, Grandfather to the present worthy Alderman of that name. In this, his first connection in life, Mr Howard found himself in a family, where, tho' virtue and general benevolence were the most conspicuous objects, yet the professional avocations were carried on with the most regular strictness ; and an attention to  
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the duties of business was demanded with an exactness, that almost bordered on severity.

The disposition of man is gradually formed, from personal and mental organization; from habits long continued; and above all, from example and imitation. Servitude is the preparation to command. In military history, we find no such strict disciplinarians, as those who have laboured thro' the ranks, or decks, to professional honours; and, who, formed by the severity of martial duty, exact in their turns, the most rigid obedience to their orders. This observation naturally falls in here; the application we shall have occasion for, in another place.

A naturally weak constitution was not able to bear up against the unremitting assiduity his situation exacted; and at the expiration of his apprenticeship—his health appeared to have been materially injured.

Much about this time, his father died; leaving him and his sister handsome fortunes. But either, from his fears that coming into possession at the usual period, in such a sickly state, the property might be alienated; or, from the common suspicions of youthful dissipation, he by his will directed, that his son should not be considered of age 'till twenty five.

When he left the house of Mr Newnham, he took an apartment in a lodging house at Church-street, Stoke Newington, Middlesex: But not meeting with the tenderest treatment there, he removed to another lodging-house in the same street, which was kept by Mrs Sarah Lardeau, widow of a man, who had been a clerk at Sir James Creed's white-lead works. This woman was taught by sympathy to look with tenderness and compassion upon

on her lodger's ill state of health, she having been herself the martyr of sickness, without the intermission of a day, for twenty years. Her knowledge of the ills attendant on disease caused her to nurse him with the utmost tenderness and attention; and his consciousness of her kind treatment, (made, as is usual, more strong by the opposition of his apprenticeship and former lodging), raised in his breast all the grateful sensibility of a young mind on receiving the first sensations of a disinterested kindness.

It will be necessary to observe here, that the education of Mr Howard, previous to his situation with Mr Newnham, had been liberal and extended; the good effects of which upon his temper, conversation and writings, appear evident to the happy few who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, and to all those, who have had taste and opportunity to peruse his many humane, correct and liberal writings.

His propensity to study and reflection shewed itself conspicuous, in his state of convalescence at Newington. Riding had been prescribed to him as a salutary exercise. To unite the improvement of his mind with that of his person, it was his custom to ride out a few miles in the morning with a book in his pocket; and when arrived at a convenient and pleasant station, to dismount, turn his horse adrift to the pleasures of liberty and grazing, while he luxuriated in the happiness of several hours' uninterrupted reading.

The mind of Howard was formed of those great materials which constitute originality and genius. Unbiaffed by fashion, uncontaminated by society, independent in his circumstances, and with a constitution not likely to be influenced by common passions, he thought for himself,

self, and he thought greatly. Reasoning only on those general principles, which affect not men, but societies, not private passions, but human nature, he disdained to enter into the ramifications of sensuality, interest or opinion. The greater links of the affections could only reach him: But then they struck him strongly. Gratitude in such a mind was easily magnified into love; and the attention of the nurse exalted into the tenderness of the wife. Regardless of every circumstance of disparity, in years, circumstances and connections, he proposed marriage to his wondering landlady.

The woman had sense, virtue and discretion. She expostulated with him on the extravagance of the proposal; pointed out with candour the amazing difference of their years; he being but twenty-eight, she fifty-one, and twenty years older even than that, in the infirmity of her constitution. Remonstrances were in vain. Howard was not to be deterred by common impediments; nor could motives of an inferior consideration influence the resolution of one, who acted from a system far removed from the ordinary and narrow principles, which usually direct the conduct on these occasions. He found arguments to silence the lady's objections: And they were privately married about the year 1752. His magnanimous and disinterested spirit shewed itself on this occasion. For Mrs Jardeau being in possession of a small fortune, he immediately on their marriage presented it to her sister. For three years, he resided at Newington, in a state of uninterrupted tranquility; engaged in attending the duties of religion, in storing his mind with useful knowledge, and in dispensing the comforts of food, raiment, advice and consolation to the poor and miserable around him. His religious fervour was not contaminated by any breath of in-



intolerance or illiberality. He followed the principles and the devotions of the persuasion in which he had been reared with scrupulous exactness, but he made use of no reflections or actions against those who were taught to think differently from him by education, opportunity or conviction.

During his residence at Newington, the minister of the dissenting meeting-house, resigned his office, and a successor was elected. From the narrowness of the income, the minister's situation, so far from verging towards splendour, had not all the comforts, which should be annexed to so venerable an office. Mr Howard, to render it more easy and respectable, proposed to purchase the lease of a house, near the meeting-house, and to appropriate it to the use and comfort of the minister for the time being, beginning the business by a generous contribution of fifty pounds.

That his mind was now illuminated by the principles of science, and enriched with the discoveries of modern philosophy, may be ascertained, from his receiving at this time the honourable and scientific distinction of FELLOW OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY. And about this period he received a dreadful shock in the death of his careful and affectionate wife: To whom he had been a kind and faithful husband. She died November 10, 1755, aged fifty-four: And he felt his loss with an excess of unfeigned sorrow.

November the first, 1755, that awful and tremendous visitation of the God of nature, the Earthquake at Lisbon, occurred. Hundreds of souls were overwhelmed in the ruins of a great and flourishing city: And thousands of souls were cast forth naked to the world, without the means

means of subsistence, without a garment to cover them, without a habitation to shelter them. This awful convulsion of nature made a deep impression on the mind of Mr Howard; which, from the death of his wife and the desolation of his home, was in a fit state to receive and assimilate with, the most gloomy ideas.

Whether a spirit of philosophical investigation, or a view to alleviate the distresses of the unhappy sufferers, actuated him on this occasion, we have not the means to determine: Perhaps a mixture of each prompted him to leave England, and visit on the spot, the scene and sufferers of this dreadful calamity.

On this occasion he consulted an intimate friend, a dissenting minister, on the propriety of his intention. His pious friend endeavoured to dissuade him from his purpose, under the idea of its presumption, as appearing to tempt Providence: The nature of the voyage being sufficiently dangerous; but doubly so at that period, from the number of cruisers which infested the mouth of the channel: We being then engaged in a war with France. Mr Howard, tho' of sufficient piety to feel forcibly, and reverence the decrees of Providence, yet was not of a temper to yield before the force of common arguments; and notwithstanding the prognostications of the divine, he resolved to embark in his innocent if not laudable design: Tho' perhaps to the sufferings he underwent in that expedition, we may ascribe the strength of those *traits* of Predestination, which so forcibly marked his character.

He left his house at Newington, at Midsummer, 1756: And set sail for Lisbon on board the Hannover packet. The predictions of the minister were soon accomplished; the packet was taken by a French privateer. Howard's  
temper

temper was not flexible to his fortune: Instead of catching the pliant versatility of his captors, and soothing the pride of conquest, he behaved with the most indignant reserve, so much *a l' Anglois*, to the Captain of the privateer, as might probably be the cause of, or at least might encrease the severity of his treatment.

Of these distresses we cannot give a better account, than by laying them before our readers in his own emphatic words.

“ Before we reached Brest, I suffered the extremity  
 “ of thirst ; not having for above forty hours, one drop  
 “ of water, nor hardly a morsel of food. In the castle  
 “ at Brest, I lay six nights upon straw; and observing  
 “ how cruelly my countrymen were used there, and at  
 “ Morlaix, whither I was carried next, during the two  
 “ months I was upon parole, I corresponded with the  
 “ English prisoners at Brest, Morlaix, and Dinant : At  
 “ the last of these towns, were several of our ship’s crew,  
 “ and my servant. I had sufficient evidence of their being  
 “ treated with such barbarity, that many hundreds  
 “ had perished ; and that thirty-six were buried in a hole  
 “ at Dinant in one day. When I came to England (still  
 “ on parole) I made known to the Commissioners of  
 “ sick and wounded seamen, the sundry particulars ;  
 “ which gained their attention and thanks. Remon-  
 “ strance was made to the French court ; our sailors had  
 “ redress, and those that were in the three prisons men-  
 “ tioned above, were brought home in the first Cartel  
 “ ships.”

It is the delight and pride of *philosophic history*, to trace back the incidents of life to their minute beginnings ; the operations of genius to their embryo-commence-



ments; and by a kind of retrograde motion to arrive at causes from effects. Amidst the straw and filth in the prison at Brest, we behold the seeds laid of that energy and benevolence, the effects of which were not to relieve, only the miseries of the present times, but to affect and alleviate the sorrows of wretches unborn and ages yet to come. What Mr Howard saw and suffered while a prisoner gave his mind the first bent towards a purpose, that has claimed the tribute of praise and admiration from all religions, all nations—that has made *an Era in the history of mankind*.

Tho' this might be well inferred from the situation and the tenour of his future pursuits, we are not left to the conclusions of mere induction; he himself declares the period of its commencement. “ Perhaps (he says) what I suffered on this occasion increased my sympathy with the unhappy people whose case is the subject of this book.” (Howard, State of Prisons, 1784).

About this time he visited Italy, and on his return settled at Brokenhurst, a retired and pleasant villa, in the New Forest near Lymington, in Hampshire. April 25, 1758, he married Harriet, only daughter of Edward Leeds, Esq; of Croxton, in the county of Cambridge, King's Serjeant, and sister of Edward Leeds, Esq; Master in Chancery, Member of Parliament for Ryegate, 1784, and of Joseph Leeds, Esq; of Croydon, Surrey.

Here his connections, his knowledge and his fortunes were increased, and in the like proportion were enlarged his prospects and habits of dispensing general good.

In 1765, he had the misfortune to lose his second wife. She died in childbed of her only child, a son; who is, or lately

lately was alive; but in an unhappy state of deranged intellects. After the death of Mrs Howard, he left his seat at Lymington, and purchased an estate at Cardington, near Bedford, adjoining to that of his relation Mr Whitbread. He was also proprietor of a remarkable ancient house at Clapton; and of some houses in or near Ivy-Lane, Paternoster-Row.

Eight years now elapsed in silent contemplation of that comprehensive plan he had formed for the benefit of the neglected and miserable part of his species: In collecting materials, ruminating facts, and extending his information. During this time, he employed the poor upon his estate in the exercises and benefits of wholesome labour: He built cottages for them, and regulated not only their temporal concerns, but superintended and guided the duties of their spiritual welfare; and that without a distinction of party or religion. The reader will not be displeased, on this occasion, to receive information in the words of one who was perfectly acquainted with the private life of Mr Howard. The learned and ingenious Philip Thicknesse, in his *Pais Bas Tour*, says—"This excellent and EXTRAORDINARY MAN, constantly builds a cottage every year on his own estate, and puts a poor family in possession of it, on express condition, however, that they attend divine service every Sabbath, at *Church*, at *Mass*, at *Meeting*, or *Synagogue*." To these excellent regulations in his neighbourhood, he added the influence of his own shining example. Every Sunday he went to the Meeting-house at Bedford, and attended both morning and evening services: Thus strengthening by his actions, the precepts he so industriously promulgated.

With pleasure could we dwell upon these amiable lines

of his private life, but we are called upon to follow in the footsteps of his PUBLIC MISSION. Reserving then, these *incidents*, to a future period of the work, we hasten to the time, when he took up, ostensibly, the business of his great destination.

In order to accomplish the full scope of his design, it was his desire to be placed in such an official situation, as would give him unlimited access to those scenes and persons, which were to be the objects of his future exertions. This, from the character of the man was easily brought about. In 1773, he was nominated High Sheriff of the county of Bedford; notwithstanding it was well known, his persuasion was that of a strict, tho' liberal-minded Dissenter. The duties of this respectable station gave the first opportunity for engaging in the actual execution of his benevolent plan. He examined with strictest scrutiny, the state of the prisons of Bedfordshire. He penetrated into the irregularities and abuses, which he found too common, and applied the most salutary reformatations. No loathsomeness could deter, no infection blast, no danger turn him aside. He visited the noisome receptacles of filth, the contagious mansions of disease: The cells of vice and the dungeons of misery. Cloathed in the purity of his purpose, and taking his panoply from the great Being, who bids us *go, visit the prisoner*—he went fearless thro' the pestilence of hospitals; thro' the pollution of dungeons.

In these as well as in his subsequent visitations to the mansions of disease and wretchedness, if we would seek what preservations he used to save him from contagion, let us take our answer from his own lips. “ I have been  
 “ frequently asked what precautions I used to preserve  
 “ myself from infection in the prisons and hospitals,  
 “ which I visit. I have answered—Next to the free  
 “ good-



“goodness and mercy of the Author of my being; tem-  
 “perance and cleanliness were my preservatives. Trusting  
 “in DIVINE PROVIDENCE, and believing myself in the  
 “way of my duty, I visit the most noxious cells; and  
 “while thus employed, *I fear no evil*. I never enter an  
 “hospital or prison before breakfast; and in an offen-  
 “five room I seldom draw my breath deeply.”

A circumstance, which occurred at this time to his en-  
 quiries, assisted his resolution to extend his researches to  
 the prisons of all England. He was wounded to the soul  
 on the discovery of the shameful practice of detaining pri-  
 soners after their acquittal, for their fees, and other infam-  
 ous demands of a like nature: Some, who by the ver-  
 dict of juries were declared not guilty—some, on whom  
 the grand jury did not find such an appearance of guilt,  
 as subjected them to trial—and some, whose prosecutors  
 did not appear against them—after having been confined  
 for many months—and at the least virtually acquitted  
 —dragged back to the miseries of the dungeon, till they  
 should pay exorbitant, and, perhaps to them impossible  
 fees to the gaoler and other unrelenting officers of vin-  
 dictive justice.

The only remedy which wisdom could dictate to re-  
 move these enormities was to give the gaoler a perma-  
 nent salary in lieu of fees. The cure was no sooner dis-  
 covered than he proceeded to the application: And in  
 order to this, had recourse to the justices for a regula-  
 tion to that purpose; but there being no precedent to be  
 found, he was disappointed of any assistance thro’ that  
 channel. The virtuous purpose of Howard was not to  
 be turned aside by a single obstacle. To obviate this dif-  
 ficulty, and to inform himself more fully, he resolved to  
 visit the other prisons of the kingdom. Provocations and  
 obstacles

obstacles demand an unusual supply of spirits and abilities. Frequently when the impediments are forced aside, the powers that accomplished the work remain. Instead of the former gentle course of pursuing, this superaddition accelerates the progress, and surmounting all difficulty, attains objects, which, but for this resistance and its consequent accumulation of strength, had been unthought of and unattempted. To the impediment Mr Howard met, in his meek endeavours to relieve the miserable, we owe his resolution of enlarging his plan of enquiry. As his information increased, his objects were multiplied, his designs became extended: 'Till from the moderate desire of doing good to a single district, he arose to the idea of benefitting the kingdom; from a kingdom to Europe; from Europe to the whole Globe.

He now visited most of the County gaols in England, and afterwards the Bridewells, Houses of correction, and Town gaols; where such scenes of misery, such depravity of office; such neglect and infamy presented themselves, as determined him, to leave no measure unattempted, which might procure redress and relief to these, of all others the most unfortunate. In March 1774, he was examined on this subject, in the House of Commons. Among other advantages Mr Howard was blest with a copious and unembarrassed flow of language. This, and the energy which a good cause inspires, enabled him to paint the sufferings of the wretched he had visited, in the most affecting colours: And the humanity of his pursuits, with the interesting matter of his informations, drew on him the thanks of the House; in doing which they gained as much honour as they conferred.

But Mr Howard, tho' not insensible to the honest applause he had acquired, was better pleased, with the salutary

lutory and solid effects of his communications: Mr Popham, member for Taunton in Somersetshire, brought in a bill, respecting the fees of those prisoners who should be acquitted; and another for preserving the health of prisoners and preventing the gaol-distemper; both of which passed that session. The Acts of Parliament are usually printed on *black letter*; which from the difficulty of the reading might counteract the humane intentions of the Legislature: To obviate this, Mr Howard had the two bills printed in Roman characters, at his own expence, and sent to the keeper of every county gaol in England.

Tho' he had the happiness of beholding the salutary effect of his plan, daily extending themselves thro' the whole kingdom; yet he plainly saw that the magnitude of the object, required the influence of the highest station to give vigour and expansion to such a comprehensive system. There were many worthy members in both houses who had humanity and even knowledge enough of the subject to *co-operate* in every attempt to remedy the grievances complained of; but the cause wanted a *leader*: It wanted one, who would devote his pursuits to the thorough investigation of the miserable subject, and his whole energy to the framing such laws as would remove the inhuman and disgraceful abuses, which had been so long suffered to prevail in this neglected department. The experience he had accumulated, and the consciousness that every power of his mind was centered in the pursuit, naturally pointed out himself as the proper instrument of this reformation: Relying on the goodness of his intention, and possessed with a manly confidence in his abilities, he resolved to offer himself as a candidate to represent the borough of Bedford in parliament.

It is with no small degree of pain we are obliged to inform



form our readers, that Mr Howard was disappointed in his laudable views. A formidable opposition started up against him. The narrow prejudices of religion, the all-alluring views of interest, threw their impediments in his way. He was joined in interest with his relation Mr Whitbread: And they were opposed by Sir William Wake, bart. and R. Sparrow, Esq; who were returned. That the business was not conducted in the fairest manner, may be reasonably inferred from Mr Howard and Mr Whitbread presenting a petition against the return; which being referred to a committee of the House of Commons, Mr Whitbread and Sir William Wake were declared duly elected.

In a mind but weakly impressed with the principles of philanthropy, or actuated only by motives of popularity and ambition, this disappointment would have proved fatal to the further prosecution of the benevolent purpose. Such was not the mind of Howard. Tho' he aimed at a situation where his abilities could have a greater scope; where his principles might be brought into a more ample field of action, yet a miscarriage in one path of the *means* could not prevent his pursuing, by other roads, the *great end* he had in view. The energy of his benevolence was derived from a source too deep to be turned aside, even by the ingratitude of mankind; and he resolved to continue his researches, not only thro' England, Wales, and Ireland; but also thro' the different kingdoms on the continent. By this means, he hoped to collect such a mass of information on the subject; such a knowledge of the construction, regulations and abuses of the various places of confinement, as would apply to the correcting the grievances, the inattention, the cruelty, the diseases, the immorality which infested the prisons of his own country.

It was in the years 1773, 74, and 75, that Mr Howard surveyed the prisons of England, Wales, Ireland, and Scotland. These visitations were not made in a negligent or cursory manner. He examined all with a degree of minuteness; pierced thro' every abuse, and penetrated into every suspicion. His memorandum-book was never out of his hand. He noted *on the spot*, the evils that cried out for redress, as well as the circumstances that deserved imitation. He copied every document relative to the prisons, that could be procured; the lists of fees to the gaoler; the laws for preserving good order and cleanliness among the prisoners; and every other regulation, whether general or peculiar, which had relation to the subject.

In these visits he was sometimes assisted, and sometimes impeded by the keeper; and this, generally in proportion to the moral character of the man, and the degree of enormity that subsisted in the place. Where there was a consciousness of improper conduct or neglect of duty, every obstacle was laid in the way of our inquirer. The *gaol fever* was frequently thrown out as an object of terror to prevent his researches. But neither imputed terror nor real danger could intimidate the resolution of Howard; thro' filth, thro' disease, thro' contagion, he waded to the completion of his virtuous purpose. How great the degree of loathsomeness must have been, can be readily conceived by the consequences it produced; for, in his first journeys his cloths had so far imbibed the noxious effluvia, that he could not bear to travel in a post-chaise, without all the windows being down.\* This circumstance compelled him to change his manner of journeying; and he afterwards

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generally

\* See EXTRACTS, page 4.

generally travelled on horseback, exposed to the severity of all weathers and seasons. But the *great Master*, in whose steps he humbly followed, preserved him from these ills, and every other danger, to which such a mode of travelling is exposed.

In the conclusion to his appendix to the State of Prisons, he thus piously expresses his sense of gratitude for such preservation. “ I know not how to close this account of prisons without making the following observation: In all my journeys by night and day, thro’ all the different counties thro’ England (for eleven years past) I have never once been stopped, or even known myself in any great danger from robbers. I mention this with a devout acknowledgement to a *kind Providence*; and because foreigners, in this country, generally travel in terror, and give dismal accounts of the dangers they have encountered.”

The minutes and observations which he had made thro’ the course of the day, employed his whole evening, in digesting and arranging them, into a more methodical form: For this reason he never accepted an invitation to dinner or supper. We must not, therefore, from this conduct, conclude that Mr Howard was of a churlish unsocial disposition—the direct contrary is the fact. Tho’ he seldom tasted animal food, and never any fermented or spirituous liquors, he was no enemy to the moderate enjoyment of the table in others: Even his servant, we are authorised to say, from personal knowledge, enjoyed his dinner and his glass of wine, while his approving master was refreshing himself with a simple dish of tea. Mr Howard, on his travels, would partake of no repast, for the same reason which prevented his going to any place of public entertainment, or even so  
much



much as looking into a newspaper, viz. that he would allow no object, even for a moment, to interrupt his great design—so that the whole of his time, except a scanty portion of sleep, was entirely dedicated to the benevolent purpose of his pursuits.

Going to visit Horsham gaol, in company with the keeper, he perceived a heap of rubbish and stones placed in such a manner as to excite suspicion: Upon examination, it was found that the felons had been undermining the cells. They had been several days at work, and had so fully completed their purpose, as to have fixed that night for a general escape. The danger of Mr Howard and the gaoler was most imminent. The wretched criminals, from their being detected, were in that state of desperation which leads the guilty to perpetrate the most horrid deeds. The passage was open to them, and the murder of their detectors would have secured their retreat. But the presence of the man, who, unsubdued by fatigue, and regardless of danger, was devoting his whole life and fortune to their service, repressed the arm of violence. The impression of gratitude, more than the hand of power brought them again, into submission.

In the course of his domestic travels, all ranks and societies pressed forward to the general sense that was entertained of his excellence and philanthropy. Cities and boroughs enrolled him in the number of their freemen, and the most learned bodies presented him with their highest honours. The university of Dublin created him a doctor of laws. The magistrates of Glasgow, in the most warm and respectful manner presented him with the freedom of their city. And at another period, the city of Edinburgh honoured itself in the same manner, as did

also Liverpool, &c. and he was elected a fellow of the Dublin Society.

Before we follow him to his benevolent labours on the continent, it may not be unnecessary to take some notice of the manner in which he arranged his domestic concerns, at least that part of them which relates to the education of his son, previous to his departure. We are induced to this, in a great degree, from an account which was given in a celebrated periodical publication; and which has engaged the attention of the relatives and friends of this truly illustrious character. The calumny has been so amply refuted, that it scarce deserves a recapitulation; we shall therefore just mention that it was hinted by an anonymous writer, that Mr Howard had behaved with great severity to his son; so much so, as to be the cause of his present unhappy situation. This aspersion, (for so it really is) has been taken up by many of Mr Howard's respectable friends; men of public character, who have pledged their reputation on their veracity; and who were in such habits of connection with Mr Howard and his family, as to have the very best means of information on the subject. Among the foremost of these, are the reverend Samuel Palmer, who gave a most excellent sermon at Hackney (Mr Howard's native place) on the occasion of his death,—and the learned Dr Aickin, his most intimate friend; of whom he makes honourable mention in his “account of prisons.”\*

From these gentlemen we gather, beyond a possibility of doubting, that his treatment of his son was, in all respects,

\* We believe our readers will not think it premature, if we give them and ourselves the pleasure of inserting, in this place, the elegant verses written by Dr Aickin, on the lamented occasion of his death.

spects, perfectly judicious and paternal—even to the minute observation of his never having struck him in his whole life; a circumstance, of which perhaps few of the most indulgent parents have to boast. The youth having lost his mother at his birth, was placed early at a ladies' boarding school, at Chesshunt. From thence he was removed to the care of Mr Magick, a gentleman of most excellent character, who kept a school for dissenting youths at Pinner. From the tuition of Mr Magick he was sent to the dissenting academy at Daventry, then under the direction of the reverend Mr Robins, and afterwards

*On the Death of Mr Howard.*

HOWARD, thy task is done! thy Master calls,  
And summons thee from Cherson's distant walls.  
"Come, well-approved! my faithful servant, come!  
"No more a wand'rer,—seek thy destined home.  
"Long have I mark'd thee, with o'er-ruling eye,  
"And sent admiring angels from on high,  
"To walk the paths of danger by thy side,  
"From death to shield thee, and through snares to guide.  
"My *minister of good*, I've sped thy way,  
"And shot thro' dungeon-glooms a leading ray,  
"To sooth by thee, with kind, unhop'd relief,  
"My creatures lost—and whelm'd in guilt and grief;  
"I've led thee, ardent, on thro' wond'ring climes,  
"To combat human woes, and human crimes.  
"But, 'tis enough—thy *great commission's* o'er,  
"I prove thy faith, thy zeal, thy love no more:  
"Nor droop that far from country, kindred, friends,  
"Thy life, to duty long devoted, ends;  
"What boots it where the high reward is given,  
"Or, whence the soul triumphant springs to heaven?



wards removed to the reverend Mr Walker, of Nottingham, "whole great abilities were only equalled by the "amiableness of his manners."\* He was then transferred to Edinburgh, and boarded there with one of the professors of the university, and lastly he went to Cambridge.

Now tho' the plan of his education, may, to some, appear too desultory, to have given hopes for a wonderful progress, yet even the frequency of the changes will evidently indicate the anxious attention of a father, to present to a beloved child, every possible opportunity of improvement.

We do not wish to give pain to relations or friends, by dwelling on the unhappy and humiliating malady with which this young man is afflicted: We shall only remark that the first symptoms of derangement appeared while he was at Cambridge; and the cause was imputed, by Mr Howard, to some circumstances affecting his health which happened at Edinburgh.

Tho' we find Mr Howard *effectually* settled at Cardington, soon after the death of his second wife, there is reason to believe that the estate was purchased before that event took place; and that they, at least occasionally, resided there, if they had not moved altogether. The occasion of his leaving Hampshire is mentioned to be, that the vapours of the New Forest made his situation unfavourable for astronomical observations, of which, at that time, he was very fond. We should not take up the reader's time with so un consequential an object as that of arranging dates, did not this circumstance introduce

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\* Character of him by Dr Aickin.

an anecdote relative to the unhappy young man we have been mentioning; and which is given by a particular friend, who was present at the conversation. Previous to one of his foreign journeys, Mr Howard and his son were walking round some plantations at Cardington; and as they were planning and pointing out farther improvements, he spoke to the young man in his own emphatic manner. "These," (said he) "in case I should not come back, you will pursue or not, as you may think proper; but remember *this walk* was planted by *your mother*, and if you ever touch a *twig* of it, may my blessing never rest upon you!"

The language of a man is generally the picture of his mind. We know that persons of volatile or hesitating speech are seldom people of resolution; and that the conduct of men may not unfrequently be determined by the manner of their diction. The actions of Howard were, like his manner of speaking—correct, interesting, decisive. Whatever he did, was done *toto corde*. He was not brought into action lightly; but when engaged, it was with the unremitting energy of every power of his soul.

As we have presented one example of the peculiar and forcible way in which he gave language to his sentiments, we will now add another, expressive of the earnestness with which he carried on his pursuits. Being engaged in some philosophical studies, in which meteorological observations were necessary, it was his custom, during the continuance of the severest frost, to leave his bed, at two every morning, for the purpose of observing a Thermometer, which was placed in his garden, at some distance from the house: Thus equally disregarding the allure-

allurements of rest, and the severity of seasons, when in pursuit of an interesting object.

The public actions of great men are generally shining enough to engage the attention; but are not often of much utility—as bearing no great application to the circumstances and conduct of common life. But the public actions of Howard are of such an interesting nature, as not to dazzle more by their grandeur, than to meliorate by the influence of their example. Yet, notwithstanding this, the picture of his private life is so attractive, that it is with difficulty we leave it, even to behold him on the great theatre of his more extended career. But this pleasure we must reluctantly give up: One providential incident shall be added, and then the general subject shall be resumed.

In the course of his friendly admonitions to the depraved, tho' many might not have had grace to profit, yet we should hardly suppose humanity capable of producing any base enough to repay his benevolence with enmity. One wretch there was, however, of this horrid stamp. An abandoned creature, who had often been re-proved by Mr Howard, for the vices of an idle and dissolute life. The monster formed the resolution to murder him, as he was going to public worship; which he almost always did on foot. But heaven seemed to interpose, by inclining him, that morning, to go on horseback, and by a different road. Thus was a valuable life saved to mankind; and thus were strengthened the religious ideas of this pious man, that he was under the guidance and care of an omniscient Providence.

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We now attend him in the process of his foreign travels; and, in order to make the idea of this great man and his benevolent pursuits more vivid and impressive, we will here introduce a description of his person and manner.

His stature was not above the middle size, and rather of a slender form. His countenance somewhat emaciated, and which has been said to resemble that of the celebrated poet, GRAY, but with an infinitely superior degree of animation. His dress was uniform, neat; not affectedly out of the fashion, yet bordering close on the plain simplicity of a Quaker. He usually wore a curled wig;—and the *whole together* of his personal appearance carried strong marks of resemblance to that of his respectable friend Dr Lettsom.

In the early period of his studies, *Physic* had claimed a more than ordinary share of his attention. This propensity might perhaps have been not a little assisted by his own original ill state of health: But whatever source its origin was derived from, it is certain, that it always continued his favourite study,—and he increased his stock of knowledge in that way, by living in habits of intimate connection with some of the most eminent medical professors of this or any other country. Sanctioned by his acquirements, in the healing art, it was his general custom, in the course of his tours, to assume the character of a physician, who travelled with the united motives, of amusement, information, and health. But this character was by no means an idle unproductive assumption: He practised the duties of the profession at every opportunity; and as his prescriptions and attendance were administered without the idea of emolument, the number of his patients

tients were far from being inconsiderable—and we are happy to learn that his dispensations were attended with an uncommon degree of success.

In 1775, after his visitation of Ireland and Scotland, he passed over to the continent. France, Flanders, Holland, and Germany were the scenes of his pursuits. After the most diligent application, the most unabating attention and enquiry into the prisons of these countries, we understand he returned to arrange and methodize the mass of information he had collected. But no more than a necessary portion of the time he held precious, was given to this less active employment. In the very next year, we find him revisiting these countries, and putting his remarks to the test of a fresh application. This was the constant method of Howard: He examined facts, and not systems; he relied on no information where the objects could be personally investigated; he admitted nothing into his catalogue, which he had not heard, examined, and seen himself. These facts he would apply to principles, and the principles to these facts, again and again—till the science of his observations was fixed upon a basis more than logical—it became self-evident intuition. In this last tour he added Switzerland to his travels.

The result of these laborious exertions appeared in the first edition of his *STATE OF PRISONS*, which was published in the year 1777. This elaborate work no sooner appeared, than it drew the attention of the whole empire on the uncommon man, and the uncommon object that inspired him. To see a person, tho' not youthful, yet in the vigour of his days, leaving the lap of affluence and pleasure, to mix with danger, disease, and loathsomeness,—thro' a principle of pure bene-

benevolence, was a circumstance as rare, as it was glorious in the annals of modern history.

While any thing remained to be done, Mr Howard could not think his great work drew near to an accomplishment. He took a third journey thro' the Prussian and Austrian dominions, and the free cities of Germany. He also extended his tour thro' Italy, and took (as was always his custom when possible) an opportunity of revisiting some of those places he had seen before. - By this means he could not only renew the impressions he had before received, but also observe if any remedies had been applied to the disorders he had previously noticed; and if so, how far these regulations were adequate, and how proportionate their effect in removing the enormities which had existed.

The fresh materials he had now collected, together with his observations on the former ones, were published in a new edition of his valuable work, which made its appearance in 1780.

The celebrity of Mr Howard had now arisen to such a pitch of admiration, that people of all ranks and persuasions pressed forward to have even a view of so exalted a character. Among these the number of foreigners was very considerable, that, remembering what degree of offence he had given to the court of France, by his strictures on that infamous prison the Bastile, he began to conceive the most alarming apprehensions.

An anecdote relative to this period of his life is furnished on the authority of one, who was an intimate acquaintance of Mr Howard.



A lady who was a zealous admirer of this charitable traveller, eager to behold and converse with so celebrated a man, called several times at his house, before she had the good fortune to meet with him; and when she did gain admittance, her appearance was so little prepossessing, that the mind of Mr Howard could not divest itself of a certain dread of assassination. Her amazing height, and *tout ensemble* were so extremely masculine, that the idea of a man disguised in woman's cloths, instantly occurred; he hastily rung his bell, and, by a look, commanded his servant to wait. His fears were, however, groundless; for, the good woman, after having sufficiently wearied his patience, with an enthusiastic and bombast display of the vast veneration in which she held his labours in the cause of humanity very quietly took her leave, declaring—*she could now die in peace—she had seen the great Mr HOWARD!*

Indefatigable in his labours, and unremittingly following the track of his great designs, we behold him in 1781, travelling thro' Holland, and the principal cities in Germany. He now also visited the capitals of Denmark, Sweden, Russia, and Poland,—and returned thro' France, Flanders, and Holland, in 1783. The substance of all these travels, relative to the grand object of his labours, was digested and thrown into one great narrative; and a third edition published in 1784, —dedicated, (as were the former ones) to the honourable House of Commons, “in gratitude,” (as he himself expresses it) “for the encouragement which they had given to the design, and for the honour they had conferred on the author.”

The activity of the human mind gathers progressive strength by exercise; and whatever enlarges the plan

of our pursuits, and throws a more extensive range of society into the sphere of our exertions, will not only give a proportionate degree of vigour to the faculties, but will also superinduce an increasing desire to multiply our objects, and widen, still farther, the circumference of our designs.

The prisons of Europe had hitherto engrossed the attention of Howard. To the reformation of abuses—to the alleviating miseries—to check the progress, if not totally destroy that epidemical devourer, the *gaol fever*—to these interesting objects had been devoted the incessant labours of eleven years. But Europe became too narrow, and the prison fever too petty a fiend to engage his expanded powers. He now resolved to encounter the rage of the *devouring pestilence*—to penetrate into the contagion of the Lazarettos at Naples, and at Malta,—and from thence he proceeded to face the monster in his native fury, at Constantinople, and other parts of Turkey.

The Lazaretto which seemed to open the most interesting scenes for his purpose, was that of Marseilles; but in the way of his access there was every shape of difficulty and danger. The French, in the chief possession of the Levant trade, are jealous, to an extreme, of every circumstance that seems to have a tendency to observation or interference in that favourite business; amongst a number of other precautions, they have carefully concealed every circumstance relative to this Lazaretto from the eyes and enquiries of foreigners, to whom all access is forbidden in the strictest manner.

The benevolent designs of Mr Howard having no relation to the speculations of trade, or the windings of poli-

politics, a nobleman, then in office, obligingly made a request to the court of France, that he might have permission to view this receptacle of contagion—but was peremptorily refused. We have before observed that the progress of Mr Howard was not to be stopped by common impediments. The information this dreadful place could give him was necessary to the completion of his plan; and before that consideration every idea of difficulty and danger vanished. He assumed his accustomed character of an English physician, travelling for amusement; and in the space of nine or ten days after his arrival at Marseilles, by solicitations, art, and by the help of that most powerful of all advocates, gold—he at length gained the inside of the Lazaretto, to which he made repeated visits; gained every information that was material; and even brought away a correct plan of both the internal and external construction.

Whilst he was at Marseilles, he had information that an English protestant was confined in a certain prison at Lyons. All access to this prison is strictly forbidden to strangers; the transgression of the order is punished with confinement to the galleys for life. These menaces had little effect upon a mind like his,—there was a good action to be done, and labour and peril were equally disregarded. By dint of enquiries, he instructed himself in the several turnings and windings which led to the prison; and taking advantage from his personal appearance, which was well calculated to assist the honest deception, he dressed himself at all points like a Frenchman; and, with his hat under his arm, passed hastily by twenty-four officers, and penetrated into the very apartment where the English gentleman was confined, without impediment or suspicion. He revealed the matter to the English minister at Lyons, who advised



vifed his instant departure—his daring effort was impossible to be concealed—the most serious consequences were likely to enfue, if he remained at Lyons all night; he was obliged therefore to make a hasty retreat, and got to Nice with safety.

From Salonica, a sea-port of Turkey in Europe, just before he fet off for the Levant, in September, 1786, he wrote a letter to a very respectable friend of his, in the county of Salop, which we are happy to have the opportunity of communicating to the public.

“ I doubt not you have been informed of my intention to visit and collect all the plans, regulations, &c. of the principal Lazarettos in Europe. I have been at Marfeilles, Genoa, Leghorn, Naples, Malta, &c. &c. Several questions (with consulting fees) have been put to the first phyficians of those places, relative to their treatment of persons in the Plague; but thinking I should gain more knowledge in the Greek hospitals,—I have been at Lante, Smyrna, Constantinople, and came hither on Saturday, in a Greek boat full of passengers, one of whom being taken ill, was brought to me, as I always passed for a phyfician. I felt his pulse, looked at the swelling, and ordered him to keep warm in a little cabin, as he had caught cold: In two hours after I sent for a French captain, desired him to give no alarm, but said that I was persuaded the man had the plague; and on Tuesday after, I saw the grave in which he was buried.

“ I visit all the prisons to inform myself; but my interpreters are very cross with me. I am bound for Scio, as in that island is the most famous hospital in  
“ the

“ the Levant. My quarantine of forty days imprisonment is to be, I hope, at Venice.

“ At Smyrna, the Franks, or foreigners' houses are shut up; every thing they receive is fumigated, and their provisions pass through water; but in Constantinople, where many of the natives drop down dead, the houses of the Franks are still kept open. I there conversed with an Italian merchant, on Thursday, and had observed to a gentleman, how sprightly he was; he replied, he had a fine trade, and was in the prime of life—but, alas! on Saturday he died, and was buried with every sign of the plague.”

While Mr Howard remained at Constantinople, he had an opportunity of exercising his benevolence towards an unhappy lady, whom he met by accident in one of the hospitals of that city. The anecdote adds another ray of glory to the lustre of his honours, and is derived from the information of his most intimate friend.

This lady was of English birth, and had, with a romantic affection, followed the fortunes of a beloved husband to that inhospitable clime. On her arrival, she learned that the object of her fondness was no more. To complete the horrors of her situation, she was pregnant; and destitute of either money or friends. Overcome by these accumulated griefs, reason tottered, and madness eased her mind of the torments of reflection.

In this melancholy state she was delivered of an infant, who happily did not live to learn the sorrow of its parent. Some time after the birth of her child, this unfortunate lady recovered the powers of recollection, only

ly to feel, with added poignancy, the misery of her fate.—A perpetual confinement was now her only prospect; and such undoubtedly would have been her destiny, but for the benevolent exertions of Mr Howard. He gained her freedom, supplied her with money, and had her safely conveyed back to England, where he promised that she should receive from him a small annuity during her life.

In this manner were carried on the charitable labours, the humane exertions of this uncommon traveller. But there yet remained one step to be taken in the service of mankind. One action greater than the splendid heroism of the DECII, or the SCÆVOLAS of ancient Rome,—or the not less patriotic sacrifices of a FARMER and a RIGOU of modern Britain. The ardour of military courage spreads a glory that gives lustre to the most dreadful forms of danger. The common suffrages of mankind in all ages, have united in loading with honours, that dazzling fortitude which sacrifices existence on the altar of glory.—Poets have dressed their graves with immortal flowers—and destruction has been made beautiful by the flattering pencil of the historian. But to seek danger in the cells of iniquity, to combat death in the dungeons of disease—tho' prompted by the purest intentions, is too silent a process to attract the admiration of a mis-judging world; and few there are who will cloud their talents in the shade of such obscure virtues. It remained only for a Howard to despise the empty noise of inconsiderate popularity, and take his praise from the tendency of his designs, from the purity of his motives; from the tear of gratitude; from the "*blessing of those that were ready to perish.*"



In order to feel his object to the quick, he resolved to gain admittance into a Lazaretto, as a person infected with the plague, that most dreadful of all the scourges with which humanity is punished.

In order to accomplish his dangerous experiment, he embarked in a vessel from Smyrna to Venice, which carried a *foul bill*, and which, of course, subjected him to the necessity of performing quarantine in the Lazaretto of that place. His passage was full of hazard, and was extended to the tedious length of sixty days. When the vessel arrived at Venice, he was put into a boat, which was pushed ashore by the help of a long pole, and took up his habitation amidst the filth and contagion of the long-desired Lazaretto. His lodging was a small, dirty room, without table, chair or bed. In consequence of complaining of this horrid situation, in a few days he was removed to another apartment, which he found little less offensive and disagreeable than the former; the wretched room in which he slept was floored with bricks, and he was almost surrounded by water.

At the expiration of six days, he was conducted to the last stage of misery and disease, to "*a chamber saturated with infection.*" Here every symptom grew alarming. He had hitherto walked courageously in the paths of benevolence, with danger by his side—but he seemed now to have reached the limits of his humane exertions. His appetite failed, and the advances of a slow fever began to make their appearance. In this dreadful state he had recourse to a favourite practice of his, and the advantage of which he endeavours to inculcate thro' the whole of his writings—he procured a quantity of lime, and caused his room  
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to be white-washed. This salutary remedy soon produced the expected effect; his health and appetite were restored; his powers regained their vigour, and he was enabled to go thro' the period of his quarantine, and gain the information, for which he had encountered so much wretchedness and danger.

In this voyage from Smyrna, he providentially escaped a danger not less imminent, tho' of a very different kind from that above related. The vessel in which he was passenger was attacked by an Algerine or Tunisian privateer; the engagement was very smart—and in the end the privateer was obliged to sheer off. The great escape he had was this,—the captain acquainted him, after the action was over, that, had he found the privateer too hard for him, he was determined to blow up the ship, rather than be doomed to the horrors of perpetual slavery.

We now arrive at a period which speaks the admiration, and the high sense the public entertained of these benevolent labours. It was during this absence the design of erecting a statue to the honour of Mr Howard was first introduced. The proposal appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine for May, 1786—and seemed to have its origin from a writer under the signature *ANGLUS*, who there proposed the idea with warmth and judgment. The hint was taken up, with a fervour unpresidented, by all ranks of people. We cannot give our readers better information relative to the circumstances that attended this exertion of general gratitude, than by inserting a few of the papers which appeared on this interesting subject. The following letter from the great Dr LETTSOM will speak more forcibly

cibly to the purpose than a volume of meaner materials.

*Basing-Hall Street, June 20, 1786.*

“ To evince my approbation of erecting a MONUMENT to commemorate the god-like actions of the *living* HOWARD, I inclose a draught for ten guineas to be appropriated to that DESIGN.

“ Persuaded, as I am, that his character and writings will survive the most durable monument of friendship; yet such an example of approbation appears to me calculated to promote many beneficial purposes, tho’ it cannot augment the zeal of this amiable man in the pursuit of lessening human misery. Public approbation of private and public virtues, whilst it acknowledges a debt due to intrinsic merit, reflects the highest honour on the community; for to reward virtue is a pleasing proof of its prevalence; and that it does prevail, the MONUMENT of HOWARD will testify.

“ Virtue, whether shining in the public walks of life, or emitting the soft rays of human benevolence in the dungeons of misery, will ever obtain its own internal reward, beyond all the powers of sculpture; but to exhibit that evidence to the public, to excite emulation in virtuous pursuits, and to induce spectators to go and do so likewise, nothing seems more conducive than a MONUMENT to HOWARD.

“ The present moment, during his absence in TURKEY, is the most proper to accomplish such a DESIGN. With goodness of heart he writes exemplary humility; and



and a perfection of mind rarely equalled, is veiled by a modesty that shuns praise and adulation; but the public applause, which is due to great and virtuous actions, cannot be ungrateful to the god-like breast of HOWARD,

“ Suppose, therefore, the first FIVE persons who subscribe TEN GUINEAS each, or upwards, be appointed a *Committee* to carry such a DESIGN into execution, which *Committee* may be afterwards augmented by selecting from the subscribers at large such persons whose taste and abilities may further assist in *designing* a MONUMENT to HOWARD.

“ JOHN COAKLEY LETTSOM.”

The proprietors of the Gentleman's Magazine accepted the assistance of this benevolent correspondent, and advertised that subscriptions for the MONUMENT to HOWARD would be received by Messrs Gosling, Bankers, Fleet Street, Dr Lettsom, Basing-hall Street, and J. Nichols, printer; and in order to render the matter as general as possible, the following address was circulated throughout the kingdom:

“ MANY sincere Admirers of Mr HOWARD,  
“ *The Friend to every Clime, a Patriot of the World,*”

anxious that his transcendent philanthropy may not wait for the tardy, and, as it should seem, almost unwilling gratitude of posthumous acknowledgement from the public, entertain a hope, from a hint thrown out in the “ Gentleman's Magazine” for May, and so nobly improved upon in that for June, that (tho' he seeks not his reward from men) a STATUE, as one of the  
highest

highest earthly honours, may be erected to him, to perpetuate the memory of it, before he goes to be rewarded with heavenly honours, and during his absence upon a god-like errand, which carries him to Turkey, to try to restrain the ravages of the plague. And who knows not with how truly Christian a spirit, and undaunted courage he before went about doing good; how gloriously he has devoted a great part of his life and property to repeated visits to most of those mansions of misery and infection, the gaols of Europe; and how many a weary prisoner, whom he came unto, has been bound to bless him for the removal of at least some horror, for the alleviation of at least some anguish, which, with the iron, entered into his soul, when it was cast down, and disquieted within him! Those persons, therefore, who, feeling like Men, Christians, and Britons, the exalted merit which does so much honour to their nature, their religion, and their country, wish to avail themselves of the humble possessor's absence, for the pleasure of expressing that feeling, in the doing something towards erecting a monument of public gratitude to *him*, and of encouragement to virtue as heroic and sublime, if it be possible in *others*, are hereby invited by the committee of the subscribers to this national design, to send their contributions, &c."

The subscription soon amounted to near two thousand pounds; and the names on the list were those of some of the most distinguished characters in these kingdoms. This sum would, no doubt, have considerably increased, had not Mr Howard, with a modest firmness, opposed the honour intended. On hearing what was going forward in England relative to this subject, he exclaimed, in the spirit of wounded humility—"Had

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“ I not one friend in England that would put a stop  
 “ to such a proceeding?”

The local situation for the statue of Mr Howard, occasioned some difference of opinion. St Paul's Cathedral was recommended by some, and Westminster Abbey had its advocates in others; but the place in St George's fields where the Obelisk now stands, seemed to claim the general preference on many accounts. In the first place, the *name* of the situation would naturally be changed, and that of HOWARD would of course be in continual mention. Another advantage too seemed to present itself to this situation—the Kentish entrance into London is by the very spot where the statue must have been erected, so that no foreigners could enter the metropolis without observing the object, and informing themselves of the character and occasion which claimed such a national honour.

Mr Hedger, of St George's fields, suggested an admirable improvement on the design—and laid before the HOWARDIAN COMMITTEE, a plan for building a number of houses in a magnificent stile, at some distance round the statue: This plan would have added a degree of splendour to the original design, and must have impressed strangers with an exalted idea of British munificence and grandeur.

Mr Howard, in the interim, expressed his determined repugnance to this mark of national gratitude, in letters to several of his friends, which were, by his desire, laid before the committee. It was, therefore, reluctantly agreed to suspend the execution of this honourable



durable purpose till the return of Mr HOWARD, and the subscription money was laid out in the purchase of stock, in order to be appropriated to their first design, should the consent of Mr Howard be obtained; or else to assist in establishing a fund for the reformation of prisons, and for charities in that department. But on the arrival of Mr Howard, the following letter put a final inhibition on all proceedings in this praise-worthy design, at least during the life of the modest object of these well-earned honours.

My LORDS and GENTLEMEN,

You are entitled to all the gratitude I can express for the testimony of approbation you have intended me, and I am truly sensible of the honour done me; but at the same time you must permit me to inform you, that I cannot, without violating all my feelings, consent to it; and that the execution of your design would be a cruel punishment to me. It is therefore my earnest request, that those friends who wish my happiness, and future comfort in life, would withdraw their names from the subscription, and that the execution of your design may be laid aside for ever.

“ I shall always think the reforms now going on in several of the gaols of this kingdom, and which I hope will become general, the greatest honour, and the most ample reward I can possibly receive.

“ I must further inform you, that I cannot permit the fund which, in my absence and without my consent, hath been called, the Howardian Fund, to go in future by that name; and that I will have no concern in

in the disposal of the money subscribed; my situation and various pursuits rendering it impossible for me to pay any attention to such a general plan, which can only be carried into due effect in particular districts, by a constant attention, and a constant residence.

I am,  
My lords and gentlemen,  
Your obliged  
And faithful humble servant,  
JOHN HOWARD.\*

London, Feb. 16.

\* Before we quit the subject of the *Monument to Howard*, we have the happiness to acquaint our readers that the design, since his death, is renewed with additional warmth, and patronized by the greatest characters of the nation—we subjoin the late transactions, with a list of the present committee.

## HOWARDIAN SUBSCRIPTION.

*London Coffee-house, May 10, 1790.*

At a General Meeting of the Subscribers, assembled by public advertisement, "to consider of the Propriety, and most effectual Means of carrying into Execution the original Idea of erecting a Statue or Monument to the Memory of Mr HOWARD, suitable to the Greatness of his Character, and the Dignity and Gratitude of the British Empire." It was unanimously Resolved,

- I. That a Monument be erected to the Memory of Mr Howard.
- II. That Mr Bacon be the Artist employed to erect the Monument.
- III. That a Committee be appointed to manage all Matters relative to erecting the said Monument, and to report their Proceedings, from Time to Time, to a General Meeting of Subscribers, which they will summon as Occasion may require.
- IV. That the said Committee do consist of Thirty-one Subscribers; and that any five be empowered to act.
- V. That the following Subscribers be the Committee :

Mr Alderman Boydell	Magens Dorrien, Esq.	Sir J. Mawbey, Bart.
Thomas Bowdler, Esq.	Wm Drake, jun. Esq.	Mr Alderman le Mesurier
Sir T.C. Bunbury, Bart.	Wm Hayley, Esq.	

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John Call, Esq.	Earl of Harcourt	Mr Deputy Nichols
William Chapman, Esq.	Dr Hawes	Reverend John Pridden,
Mr Alderman Curtis	Duke of Leeds	M. A.
John English Dolben,	Dr Lettsom	Sir Joshua Reynolds,
Esq.	Capt. Loft, Esq.	Granville Sharpe, Esq.
Josiah Dornford, Esq.	Mr Magniac	Mr Alderman Skinner
Joseph Stonard, Esq.	S. Whitbread, Esq.	Jacob Yellowley, Esq.
Rev. Dr Warner	C. Willoughby, Esq.	

VI. That an Advertisement be inserted in the Newspapers, stating the above Resolutions, and inviting the Public to shew their Sense of Mr Howard's great Merit, by liberal Subscriptions, to perpetuate his Memory, and deliver down his benevolent Disposition to Posterity; not doubting but, as the melancholy Period is now arrived to which Mr Howard himself requested the original Design might be postponed, the Gentlemen who have withdrawn their Names from the Subscription will be zealous to restore them.

VII. That the Thanks of the Meeting be given to Mr Alderman BORDEN, for his kind Attendance at the various Public Meetings of the Subscribers, and for his uniformly polite and candid Conduct in the chair; and also to Mr deputy NICHOLS, for his laudable Exertions through the whole of the Business.

It has been thought fit to throw all the circumstances relative to the erecting of a Statue into one continued narrative, from its commencement to its interruption; but we must remark, that Mr Howard did not return home immediately after his confinement in the Lazaretto at Venice, but while his countrymen were meditating the highest honours to his name, he went on in the business of his great vocation, visiting again most of the prisons of Europe, and wishing no applause but the testimony of his own heart, and the utility of his exertions.

Mr Howard had, in some of his early publications, given an account and description of the Bastile, which, since the demolition of that bulwark of despotism, has been frequently republished. The Court of France, jealous that the scenes and apparatus of her tyranny should



should be in any degree revealed, had conceived high offence at the freedom with which he treated this infamous subject. The suspicions of Mr Howard on that head were at this time fully justified. It was near eleven o'clock at night when he arrived at Paris; his intention was to depart from that city at three in the morning by the Brussels stage; and, in order to prevent any kind of delay, he sent his baggage to the inn. He had not been long in bed when his door was forcibly opened; a servant solemnly bearing two lighted candles entered first, and after him a stiff, formal figure, who asked him, with much grave authority, whether he was John Howard. After some interrogation, which was replied to with great warmth, the personage withdrew, leaving the candles lighted on the table as a testimony of his return. Mr Howard, upon the instant of his departure, hurried on his clothes, and slipped to the Lyons hotel; two messengers were in pursuit of him, but he arrived safely at Brussels without being discovered.

On his arrival in England, having now collected ample information for his treatise on Lazarettos, he retired to Warrington, in Lancashire, to superintend this valuable publication. Here we have again the most astonishing proofs of that perseverance and application with which his benevolent pursuits were always conducted. During eighteen weeks, and amidst the rigours of an inclement season, he rose constantly before three o'clock in the morning and proceeded to business.

There are a number of circumstances and anecdotes relative to the life of Mr Howard, which have a claim

on our insertion, tho' of so detached a nature, that they do not fall into the order of a dated narrative; these, as deduced from the letters of his intimates, or some publications of uncontradicted authenticity, we shall present to our readers, generally in the manner we received them.

Among the passengers whom he accompanied in a voyage to Lisbon, was a lady, who, in the ardour of conjugal affection, had somewhat too rashly ventured to accompany her husband, as she was in a very advanced state of pregnancy. A detention, by contrary winds, for several days beyond the usual period of the voyage, excited the most fearful apprehensions, especially when she began to feel the symptoms of approaching labour. Her maid was fortunately with her in the ship, but the inexperience of them, both rendered the situation extremely delicate and alarming. Mr Howard, whose medical skill we already have had occasion of mentioning, offered his advice and assistance at this juncture, and the distracted father had unspeakable happiness of embracing a lovely boy, who, but for this timely interposition, would have found an early tomb in the ocean, together with his suffering parent.

The following anecdote which is characteristic of his determined perseverance, forms part of a letter written by Dr Lettsom to a friend in America.

“Just as Mr HOWARD got out of the stage (on his return from his travels through the East) in Bishopsgate Street, to take a hackney coach, into which he was removing his trunks, one was stolen, and has never since been heard of—besides a duplicate of his travels, it contained five guineas and a gold watch.

“ A

"A friend of mine, who visited Newgate the next day, was told by a convict (such intelligence have these people) that the papers were all burnt. Of the Lazaretto at Marseilles, he had no duplicate, but luckily the drawings were in the preserved trunk. Mr Howard told me he valued them so highly, that, had they been stolen, he would have returned to Marseilles to acquire new ones."

The following conversation is rich in matter relative to Mr Howard, and the subject with which he was engaged. It took place between him and a friend, who, not caring to trust to memory alone, committed the substance of it to paper. This was in the month of May, 1789.

Mr Howard was then in the sixty-second year of his age, and apparently in very good health. He said that for many years he had not tasted animal food, and that for thirty years he had not even tasted wine. His diet, for the whole day, consisted of two penny rolls with some butter, or sweetmeat, a pint of milk, and five or six dishes of tea, with a roasted apple on going to bed.

Whilst he was superintending the printing of his Treatise on Lazarettos, at Warrington, he arose every morning at three o'clock for eighteen weeks together, in the depth of winter. He was, however, always in the habit of rising early, and of going early to bed. Tea he looked upon as a great exhilarator of the spirits, carried it always with him in his journies, and made use always of green tea.

He appeared to think himself supported in his particular



cular pursuit by Divine Providence, and would never let amusement or any other occupation interfere with it. He seldom or ever made use of letters of recommendation to any persons of consequence in the places he visited, and said he found he succeeded better in his enquiries when he was left to himself.—He imagined his last expedition would have taken up three years, and intended in that time to have twice visited Grand Cairo, (the supposed birth place of the plague) and to have spent much time in that city, and to have visited the Crimea, Constantinople, and Barbary. He did not appear desirous to consult books on the subject of the plague, and said in a letter he had written to a person who had sent him a French book on the plague at Marseilles. “I read very little on the subject of the plague, as I wish to draw my inferences from close observation on the disorder itself, and not from the theories of persons who never visited patients in that distemper; and indeed my general opinion of it is different from any thing I have yet found in books.”

Mr Howard thought that when he was in Constantinople in 1788, he observed some disposition to improvement amongst the Turks. Of the Grand Vizier of that time he spoke well, as a man wishing to establish printing-presses in the capital, and not averse to making some regulations to prevent the contagion of the plague. The opinions of fatalism and of necessity, in general attributed to the Turks, he saw prevalent only with those of the lower class of life; the better sort taking precautions against that most horrible disorder.

He intended to take with him some James's Powders, to try the effects of it in the plague, and was pleased when

when he was told that Lord Baltimore had made use of that medicine many years ago in the Frank's Hospital at Constantinople upon six persons, three of whom recovered.

Of their police, in the severe punishments inflicted upon those who make use of false weights and measures, he confirmed the account given by many other travellers. He spoke highly of some part of the moral character of the Turks, particularly of their gratitude for favours received, and said, that when he had been lucky enough to cure a rich Turk of some disorder, he offered him a purse of two thousand sequins. This, however, Mr Howard would not accept of, and requested only that his patient would permit him occasionally to send to his garden for some grapes and oranges to eat with his tea at breakfast. The Turk sent him every morning a large basket full of the choicest fruits his garden produced.

Of the general police of Berlin he spoke very highly, and said he found the weight of bread more uniformly just in that city than in any he had ever seen. In every city he visited, he made it a rule to go out in the evening to buy loaves of bread, of the same value of different bakers, and to compare them. The bread he always gave to the poor.

Prince Henry, the uncle of the present King of Prussia, he said was the highest-bred man he had ever seen. He said that Prince one day asked him if he never went to any public place in the evening after the labours of the day were over? He replied he never did; and that  
he

he received more pleasure from doing his duty than from any amusement whatever.

When the Grand Duke of Tuscany sent to invite him to dinner at his palace, he returned for answer, that he was sorry not to be able to do himself the honour of waiting on his Highness, but that he could not spare three hours from his work. He brought with him from Florence a copy of the new code of penal laws of Tuscany, which he translated into English, and gave away to his friends, in 1789.

The late Emperor of Germany was very desirous to converse with Mr Howard, and have his opinion of his hospitals and gaols. Mr Howard did not like to comply with the then established etiquette of the Imperial Court, a kind of genuflexion on being presented, and in the most polite manner begged to be excused waiting on the Emperor, thinking it right to bend the knee to God alone. The Emperor however, waved the ceremony (which was abolished by edict in six weeks after Mr Howard left Vienna) and received Mr Howard in his cabinet, and had a conversation with him of some hours, Mr Howard frankly told the Emperor his opinion of the hospitals of Vienna, which he did not think were well managed, and spoke very much against some dungeons in several of the prisons of that city. The Emperor was not very much pleased at this, and said, "Sir, Why do you complain of my dungeons? Are you not in England hanging up malefactors by dozens?"—"Sir," replied Mr Howard "I should rather be hanged in England, than live in one of your dungeons." The Emperor afterwards said to an Englishman at the court of Vienna "*En verite, ce petit Anglois n'est pas flatteur.*"

Mr



Mr Howard appeared to have studied medicine, and said that in general in his travels he had been taken for a physician.

He spoke of his spirits as being uniformly good, cheerful, and serene, as never depressed nor elated, which he attributed to his extreme temperance.

He said that in returning from Venice in a vessel of the country, it was attacked by an Algerine corsair of superior force, which was obliged to sheer off, after an engagement of some time. After the engagement, he said the sailors mentioned, in strong terms, the *Sangfroid* of the little Englishman that was with them.

Of the presence of infection he thought he had a criterion by a feel of tightness over his eyes and head. In the Lazaretto of Constantinople he had seen two or three persons dying of the plague.

Dr Darwin's very beautiful lines in praise of Mr H. in the BOTANIC GARDEN were mentioned to Mr Howard, and he was asked whether he had read them. He replied he had not; and that no person could disoblige him so much as to mention him in any publication whatever.

The writer of this conversation cannot again recur to it without a sentiment of pleasure mixed with regret; of pleasure in having conversed familiarly with one of the most actively benevolent men the world has ever produced; and with regret that disease should have destroyed this valuable man, in the midst of his efforts to prevent its ravages upon others.

*Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus  
Tam chari capitis ?*

The verses alluded to in the foregoing conversation, will, we are sure, be acceptable to most of our readers.

So when contagion, with mephitic breath,  
And wither'd famine urg'd the work of death,  
Marseilles' good bishop, London's generous Mayor,  
With food and faith, with medicine, and with prayer,  
Rais'd the weak head, and stay'd the parting sigh,  
Or, with new life, relum'd the swimming eye.  
—And now, philanthropy ! thy rays divine  
Dart round the globe from Zembla to the Line ;  
O'er each dark prison plays the cheering light,  
Like northern lustrous o'er the vault of night.  
From realm to realm with cross or crescent crown'd,  
Where'er mankind or misery are found.  
O'er burning sands, deep waves, or wilds of snow,  
Thy HOWARD, journeying, seeks the house of woe.  
Down many a winding step to dungeons dark,  
Where anguish waits aloud, and fetters clank ;  
To caves bestrew'd with many a mouldering bone,  
And cells whose echoes only learn to groan ;  
Where no kind bars a whispering friend disclose,  
No sunbeam enters, and no zephyr blows ;  
He treads unemulous of fame or wealth,  
Profuse of toil, and prodigal of health ;  
With soft assuasive eloquence expands,  
Power's rigid heart, and opes his clenching hands ;  
Leads stern-ey'd justice to the dark domains,  
If not to sever, to relax the chains ;  
Or guides awaken'd mercy through the gloom,  
And shews the prison, fitter to the tomb !  
Gives to her babes the self-devoted wife—  
To her fond husband liberty and life !—

—The

—The spirits of the good who bend from high  
 Wide o'er these earthly scenes their partial eye,  
 When first, array'd in virtue's purest robe,  
 They saw her HOWARD traversing the globe ;  
 Saw round his brows her sun-like glory blaze  
 In arrowy circles of unwearied rays ;  
 Mistook a mortal for an angel guest,  
 And ask'd what seraph foot the earth imprest.  
 —Onward he moves !—disease and death retire,  
 And murmuring demons hate him, and admire.

It must not be omitted, that in consequence of the information supplied by the writings and travels of Mr Howard, an act was passed (19 Geo. III.) for establishing PENITENTIARY HOUSES. In the framing of such a bill, the great source of the idea was, of course, consulted—and to put such a plan into execution, and to superintend the regulation, so as to produce the effects intended, the name of HOWARD was echoed by every tongue ; from his knowledge and vigour every good was to be expected. The supervisors nominated by his Majesty were Mr Howard, the late Dr Fothergill and George Whatley, Esq; Treasurer of the Foundling Hospital. But this salutary design was lost, at least for that time, through a difference of opinion entertained among these gentlemen, relative to the situation of the buildings.

The opinion which Mr Howard held was certainly grounded on principles formed from the experience of extensive personal observation ; and when his mind was once established in the propriety of a resolution, it was no part of his character to have it easily shaken. Finding therefore the obstinacy of Mr Whatley not to be moved by his arguments, and having lost the assist-



ance of his friend and co-adjutor Dr Fothergill, he determined to withdraw his abilities from a design which he could not fill up in the manner his experience had taught him to believe most conducive to the spirit of the benevolent intention: He, therefore, sent a letter to Earl Bathurst, Lord President, requesting his Majesty to accept his resignation.

Mr Howard's name has been mentioned, as having had influence in throwing out the Insolvency-bill from the House of Lords. The circumstance which gave rise to this, is accounted for by the following anecdote. Mr Howard went to the King's Bench prison to see a man who was confined there for debt; but on going within the precincts of the prison, he found the person he came to visit engaged in some species of gaming, and in a state of evident intoxication. What made the matter appear more scandalous, he was of that religious persuasion, the members of which are, in general, examples of sobriety and rectitude, and who are vulgarly called Quakers. The imprudent man, on discovering Mr Howard, seemed so little conscious of his situation as to lay hold, with great levity, and ask his astonished visitor to join in a glass with him. Mr Howard turned away immediately—and recounting this transaction, together with his observations on the subject, in a conversation with the Lord Chancellor, added so much strength to his opinion, that when the business was before the House, his Lordship adduced, as an argument, the conviction of Mr Howard—whom he mentioned with respect, and called one of the best-informed men on the subject, then existing.

Inexhaustible in his efforts for the service of mankind, he undertook his last journey, which was to have been  
of

of considerable extent through Europe and Asia. In the conclusion of his Lazarettos—in a strain of prophetic tenderness—he takes leave of his countrymen.

“To my country,” he says, “I commit the result of my past labours. It is my intention *again* to quit it for the purpose of revisiting RUSSIA, TURKEY, and some other countries, and extending my tour in the east. I am not insensible of the dangers that must attend such a journey. Trusting, however, in the protection of that *kind Providence*, which has hitherto preserved me, I *calmly* and *cheerfully* commit myself to the disposal of unerring wisdom. Should it please God to cut off my life in the prosecution of this design, let not my conduct be *uncandidly* imputed to *rashness* or *enthusiasm*, but to a *serious, deliberate* conviction, that I am pursuing the path of *duty*; and to a sincere design of being made an instrument of more extensive usefulness to my fellow-creatures, than could be expected in the narrower circle of a retired life.”

This farewell prognostic was accomplished soon. The last anecdote we have of him occurred a little before his death. In his journey to Cherson in Russia, whilst his servant and he refreshed their exhausted spirits with sleep—the baggage was cut away from behind the carriage. As soon as it was missed they hastened back to the inn: And Mr Howard—having good reason for what he did, charged a party of Russian recruits with the theft. After some time the property was recovered, but at different intervals. The last article brought in was a trunk, which had been buried near the side of the road;—some men ploughing perceived the shining of the brass nails, dug it up, and brought it to the owner.

But

But many circumstances concurring to fix suspicion on the recruits, seven of them, by order of the magistrate, were consigned to Siberia.

A fever caught him while employed in his usual offices of humanity, carried him off, at Cherson, on the 20th of January 1790, after an illness of twelve days. He was attended with fidelity and affection, by his servant, who had been brought up by him from a boy, and who had been the humble companion of all his travels. To this faithful follower he gave his solemn direction, that five days after his disease, and not sooner, he should be buried in the garden of a French lady, from whom he had received many and great civilities—and enjoined him not to return home till the expiration of five weeks from the time of his departure.

Thus silently, and in the actual exercise of his benevolent pursuits, died JOHN HOWARD!—A name that will go down to posterity, with more solid, unallayed lustre, than perhaps any character on the page of history!—And here let us pause, and contemplate with reverence the form we have attempted to delineate.—From the irregular outline which we have drawn of this angust character, let us endeavour at a reduction that will be of easy application; a portrait that will come within the limits of narrower comprehension.

The character of a man, considered as an active being, is compounded of the objects, the manner, and the motives of his pursuits. The habits too, and opinions must be taken into the account as tending to tinge and influence every pursuit and purpose of the conduct. The objects of Mr Howard were great in an  
uncom-



uncommon degree, involving in their effects a main branch of public government, and a regulation of the fate of miserable multitudes. The means and the manner of this worthy process, were founded in wisdom deduced from patient observation and experience—tinged, not a little, by natural disposition, and by opinions derived from education, early connections, and religious persuasion.

From the manner and nature of our pursuits, from the instruments we use, and the impediments we would avoid, habits are continually contracted, which, according to their strength and duration, are associated into the general character; and to which many of the great diversities we perceive operating in the same subject must be entirely attributed. The silent and solitary manner, in which Mr Howard conducted his travels and researches—his self exemption from the conviviality of the table—his continual intercourse with men made obdurate by custom—and the numberless gloomy scenes the nature of his visits daily presented—no doubt, had an effect upon his manners; and may help to account for some of those eccentricities, which have been observed in his conduct.

His passions were commensurate with the magnitude of their objects; and great passions only can compass great ends. Many things concurred to raise those of Mr Howard to the proper pitch of active enthusiasm. Solitude is the nurse of energy. In solitude, the mind out of the noise and influence of foreign distraction, may bend its whole force to the energy of one passion—to the incessant contemplation of one idea. From a date subsequent to the earthquake at Lisbon (when, as he

he tells us himself, his sympathy for the sufferings of prisoners commenced) till he became sheriff of Bedfordshire, a period of sixteen years, in silence and retirement, did he direct the force of his mind to this idea; swelling it by contemplation, strengthening it by resolution, and animating it by all the ardour of enthusiasm and passion.

In the prosecution of such a grand scheme, it was impossible but that the mind, enlarging its powers to the magnitude of the object, must have acquired such a degree of force as would appear extravagant to the colder judgments of common observers. Accustomed also, to the almost unceasing contemplation of his great plan, when any smaller consideration offered itself, his powers falling into an unusual channel might lose that characteristic magnanimity which accompanied his general conduct. And this must account for what has been sometimes observed of him, that his unremitting attention to the general plan, prevented him at times from regarding minuter scenes, though of misery and distress.

Of himself and his private affairs he took barely the necessary care. We must not look for him in his home. His pursuits were *from* himself to mankind; like the diverging rays from the centre of a circle, which are only viewed distinctly at the circumference,

He was a person of a delicate constitution of body, which he fortified by a habit of uncommon temperance. His education was not deficient in subjects of English literature, but did not reach any lengths of classic learning. However, the number of original works in his native language, and the excellent translations there are  
of

of every production worth enquiring after, gave such a persevering disposition as that of Howard but little cause of complaint for the want of materials to carry on his intellectual exercises.

His religion was fervent, rational, and tolerant. A difference in sentiments on that head was no impediment to his benevolence;—the stole, the scarf, and the turban were equal objects of his humane exertions with those of his peculiar persuasion.

His understanding was quick, and vigorous; he had exercised it with study and observation. He was not to be deceived by erroneous appearance, nor attracted by delusive splendour. He never took the accessory for the principal, nor trifled among the means while the end should be pursued.

His powers of perseverance were the most amazing part of his character; they bordered on the confines of obstinacy. When his opinion was made up, and a decision formed, nothing could shake his resolution. Courage is, in general, nothing else but considering the object of our pursuit with such an ardour and preference, as to lose all sight of self in the estimation. Of this courage Mr Howard had a happy exuberance. Danger and difficulty lost their terror and effect, when they stood in the way of his designs.

The motives which impel a person to certain pursuits can only be collected from his own declaration; or from a circumspect and laborious comparison between the ends proposed, the agents employed, and the moral character of the man. The motives of Howard will stand

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this



this united test. They were certainly of the purest kind; founded in benevolence, and strengthened by conviction. Tho' not insensible to the voice of honest fame (as may be collected from his cares, least his motives should be misrepresented, which he expressed in his farewell speech above quoted) yet we find him avoiding all distinction, all honours; labouring good, as prompted by virtue; and making his life one scene of exertions for the sake of his fellow-creatures,

His ends were placed high, and they were followed up with proportionate vigour; the manner of his pursuits was marked with greatness and originality; his opinions were peculiar, tho' liberal; his passions were ardent; his understanding luminous; his resolutions obstinate; his motives benevolent, and his whole conduct actuated by a perseverance almost miraculous. In fine, his was a character, whose catholic mission the jarring nations might receive, as a common medium by which they could transfer and negotiate the general benevolence of the world—and consider him, not as an Englishman, or a Protestant, but, AS THE AGENT DEPUTED TO CARRY ON THE WHOLE BENEFICENCE OF THE PLANET.

We will finish this sketch with observing to our readers that Mrs Inchbald's celebrated play of SUCH THINGS ARE was professedly written to delineate the character of Mr HOWARD, which she has veiled under that of Mr HASWELL with much judgment. On the occasion of his death a Monody was recited by one of the characters of this play (a female captive, just released by Haswell). With it we shall conclude—it is written by the author of these memoirs.

MONODY.

## M O N O D Y:

RAIS'D from despair—snatch'd from the dungeon's gloom—  
 And bad the paths of peace and love resume,  
 Should not the sun shine of my fate inspire  
 The strains of joy—and gratulation's fire?  
 Ah! no—the honour'd hand, that freedom gave,  
 Now cold and lifeless, moulders in the grave:  
 The eye, where mercy beam'd, in darkness lies;  
 Mute are those lips that bid the captive rite!

Hark! from von sombre caves, the mingled sound  
 Of anguish, pealing thro' the vaulted ground!  
 What new distresses raise the tumult high?  
 What recent sufferings force the frantic cry?  
 Can deeper horror swell the captive's woe?  
 Can sharper misery bid his sorrows flow?  
 Has ruffian pow'r increas'd the galling chain?  
 Has grim disease let loose his wasteful train?  
 Has famine drain'd the current of the heart?  
 Does death insatiate shake his reckless dart?

Alas! severer pangs their bosoms tear—  
 Fiercer than pain and dreadful as despair.  
 For—thro' the low roof'd cells, thick murmurs pour  
 The forrowing sound—"Our guardian is no more!"  
 "HOWARD'S no more!"—Disease despairing cries.  
 "HOWARD'S no more!"—Captivity replies.  
 Lent, but to guide us thro' these mortal glooms,  
 His mission's o'er—and heaven its saint resumes.

Ah! let fond gratitude her strain renew—  
 Let memory raise his hallow'd form to view—  
 Break thro' the mortal barriers that divide;  
 And once more, wondering, clasp our faintest guide.

See him—when mellowing years his hopes matur'd,  
 When affluence, honours, ease and interest lur'd—  
 See him go forth, a delegated chief,  
 Sent by high heaven, th' apostle of relief.  
 By virtue led, and arm'd with sacred powers,  
 See him assail the prison's murky towers!  
 The massy portals, bursting wide, disclose  
 The dungeon, teeming with contagious woes.  
 To bar the bold intruder's daring way,  
 Repressive exhalations load the day.  
 Disease, with purple plagues, and putrid bands—  
 And death—with mace ensanguin'd, threatening stands.  
 But vain the pow'rs of earth and hell conjoin,  
 T' oppose the ardour of the vast design.  
 Thro' damps putrescent, sickly mists and shades,  
 Wrapt in ethereal garb, he fearless wades.  
 To reach the wretched, sooth the sufferer's woes  
 Nor toils fatigue, nor dangers can oppose—

With

With wonder, charity regards her peer ;  
And mercy's self beholds a rival here.

Behold that fainting form—whose nerveless arm  
Once strung with health, and with young vigour warm,  
Bore, thro' embattled foes, a sword of fame ;  
And fought, and bled, to aid his country's claim—  
That fainting form, which rankling pain distorts—  
Whose meagre limbs a weeping wife supports.  
Now struck by pow'r—bent by the massive chain—  
Sinks deep, beneath oppressions iron reign.

See—(once his bliss !) a prattling, feeble brood,  
Cling to his straw, and lift their cry for food !  
Alas ! in vain, they pour their infant grief—  
The wretched pair can furnish no relief,  
“And must they perish ? Will their little cry  
“Pass unregarded ?—Must we see them die !”

No—wretched group, the hour of comfort's given  
A HOWARD's sent, by all-regarding heaven.  
Thro' yon dark port, he beams with light humane—  
Relief and freedom follow in his train.  
He bursts the fetter ; the rank wound embalms ;  
Gives the ripe cordial ; the rack'd bosom calms :  
The vulture famine stills ; med'cines your woes ;  
And,—best of gifts—he liberty bestows.

O would we view this scene—that shakes the heart,  
Behold the canvass warm'd by Gillray's art.\*  
His magic pencil wakens into life  
The speechless rapture of th' adoring wife ;  
Th' o'erpowering joy, that sinks the feeble fire ;  
The infant looks that beam with grateful fire.  
While the GREAT COMFORTER, erect, serene—  
Stands, ministering angel of th' affecting scene.  
Such, the pursuits, this godlike mortal form'd ;  
Such the sweet charities, his bosom warm'd.  
O may his great example rouse the idle  
To emulate the wonders of his toil !

And while fond Britain glories in his name,  
Erects the column to his deathless fame,  
The monumental pile and statue rears,  
And wets his urn with true, maternal tears—  
O may the CAUSE, that bled his bosom blaze  
Survive the tomb, and spread its cheering rays !  
May it induce the affluent and gay  
To turn a thought from pleasure's gilded way—  
To view the lowest of the sons of care ;  
And sooth the wretched mansions of despair !  
This will, indeed, give lustre to his fame :  
The best memorial of his honour'd name.  
Lasting as fate, *this* memorial will be—  
And such as HOWARD's self would smile to see.

\* Gillray's celebrated picture of Mr Howard relieving a sick officer  
and his family in prison.









*Rich. Southgate. A. B. T. A. T. Aetat. 55.*

Αρκεῖσθαι παρῶσι ———  
Μὴτε κακοῖς ἀγθε, μὴτεν ἐπαγγίλειο χαρμῇ

*Phocysted*